

Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better
(*Cornets. a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)
I am not there, oh better never borne
Then minister to such harme, what is the chance?

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Crie's a *Palamon*.

Emil. Then he has won: 'Twas ever likely,
He look'd all grace and successe, and he is
Doubtlesse the prim'st of men: I pre'thee run
And tell me how it goes.

Shows, and Cornets: Crying a Palamon.

Ser. Still *Palamon*.

Emil. Run and enquire, poore Servant thou hast lost,
Vpon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon on the left, why so, I know not,
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.

Another cry, and shows within, and Cornets.

On the sinifter side, the heart lyes; *Palamon*
Had the best boding chance: This burst of clamour
Is sure th'end o'th Combat. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. They saide that *Palamon* had *Arcite's* body
Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry
Was generall a *Palamon*: But anon,
Th' Assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphis'd
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth so compo'd a Man: their single share,
Their noblenes peculier to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity values shortnes

Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.

To any Lady breathing — More exulting?

Palamon still?

Ser. Nay, now the sound is *Arcite*.

Emil. I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.

Cornets.

Cornets. a great shout and cry, Arcite, victory.
Set both thine eares to'th busines.

Ser. The cry is

Arcite, and victory, harke *Arcite*, victory,
The Combats consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind Instruments.

Emil. Halfe sights saw

That *Arcite* was no babe: god's lyd, his riches
And costlines of spirit look't through him, it could
No more be hid in him, then fire in flax,
Then humble banckes can goe to law with waters,
That drift windes, force to raging: I did thinke
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not
Why I did thinke so; Our reasons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are: They are comming off:
Alas poore *Palamon*.

Enter Theseus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and attendants, &c.

Thes. Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unsettled: Fairest *Emily*,
The gods by their divine arbitrament
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one
As ever strooke at head: Give me your hands;
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with
A love that growes, as you decay;

Arcite. Emily,

To buy you, I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheapely,
As I doe rate your value.

Thes. O loved Sister,

He speakes now of as brave a Knight as ere
Did spur a noble Steed: Surely the gods
Would have him die a Batchelour, least his race
Should shew i'th world too godlike: His behaviour
So charmd me, that me thought *Aleides* was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to'th all; I have spoke, your *Arcite*
Did not loose by't; For he that was thus good

M 2

Encountred